

Not in Printed. Houghton, C.A.E.H.
or B.M.

Upon the
DEATH
OF
Mrs Catherine Philips.

LONDON:

Printed for *Samuel Speed*, at the Rainbow in Fleet-
street, near the Inner Temple-gate.

M D C L X I V.

(1)



Upon the Death
OF
Mrs Catharine Philips.

WHence *all* these looks so solemn and so sad?
Who is that *One* can die, and none be glad?
The Rich leaves heirs, the Great makes room, the
Pleases the Foolish, onely when he dies. (Wife
Men so divided are in hopes and fears,
'Tis hard to give them gen'ral joy or tears.

A 2

These

(2)

These sure are for some *Star* that lately rose,
Delighting All, and kindly shin'd on those
That call'd it but a *Meteor*; fell because
Nature should not be said to break her Laws
By any new Creation, and our hearts
Grow heavie as its gentle Influence parts.
Thus said I, and like others hung my head,
When straight 'twas whisper'd, *Tis Orinda's dead.*
Orinda ! what, the glory of our Stage,
Crown of her Sex, and lustre of the Age;
Graceful and fair in Body and in Minde;
She that taught fullen Vertue to be kinde,
Youth to be wise, Mirth to be innocent,
Fame to be steady, Envie to relent,
Love to be cool, and Friendship to be warm,
Praise to do good, and Wit to do no harm ?

Orin-

(3)

Orinda! that was lent the world, to give
The best Example how to Write and Live;
The Queen of Poets, whosoe'r's the King,
And wreath'd with Lawrels fresher then the Spring;
That more then *Men* conceiv'd and understood,
And more then *Women* knew how to be good;
That learnt all early, Age could e'r attain,
Excepting onely to be proud or vain;
And seem'd to make so rich amends for all
The faults her Sex committed since the Fall:
Can she be dead? Can any thing be great
And safe? Can *Day* advance, and not retreat
Into the shady *Night*? But she was young,
And might have liv'd to tune the world, and sung
Us all asleep, who now lament her fall,
And Fate unjust, Heav'n unrelenting call.

B

Alas,

(4)

Alas, can any fruit grow ripe in Spring,
And hang till Autumn? Nature gives this sting
To all below, Whatever thrives too fast,
Decays too soon; late growths may longer last.
Orinda could not wait on slow-pac'd Time,
Having so far to go, so high to clime;
But like a flash of heavenly fire that falls
Into some earthly dwelling, first it calls
The neighbours, onely to admire the light
And lustre, that surprize their wondering sight,
Till kindling all, it grows a noble flame,
Towering, and spiring up from whence it came;
But once arriv'd within those Azure-walls,
The house that lodg'd it here, to ashes falls.
Such was *Orinda's* Soul. But hold, I see
A Troop of Mourners in deep Elegie:

Make

(5)

Make room, and listen to their charming Lays;
For they bring Cypress here, to trade for Bays:
And he deserves it, who of all the rest
Praises and imitates *Orinda* best.

F I N I S.
